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IFFLEY LOCK, OXFORD.

THE lock at Iffley has been always used as the starting spot for the racing boats in the summer time—feats of strength, which always excite much interest, not only amongst the youthful competitors, but likewise among the members of the colleges, who have a boat on the river. To advance this healthy amusement, and to secure a good number of rowers, not only for the more immediate races in the University, but for those which may be formed with other parties skilled in rowing—as, for instance, the young men of Cambridge, members of the Leander Club, &c.—two years ago a boat-club was established; and there are few feats which excite more interest in the sporting world than those which call

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forth the strength of the rowers. When a race is to come off among the undergraduates of Oxford, great interest is excited; both banks of the Isis are amply crowded with well-dressed persons of both sexes; the river is filled with boats of every description, from the swift eight-oar to the light wherry. From the first moment the competitors have started till the end of their arduous but short journey, (nearly two miles,) they are cheered on to put out their greatest strength by the vigorous shouts of their friends and admirers, who thus hope that their flag, which floats so fairly in the breeze, will be raised a grade over that of their opponents. — *From Daves' Oxford Guide.*

[No. 1093.]

Original Communications.

A POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 5.)

CASE VIII.—Here are more South American articles, all from the coast of Patagonia. This thick leather coat, capable of being wrapped round the whole body, is formed of no less than seven horse hides placed over one another, and is worn by the Araucarian tribe on the west coast of South America. It was taken from the body of one of those who had joined his countrymen in an attack on the Spanish settlements, and who was shot by a party of Chilian aborigines in the service of the Spaniards. Such a great coat would withstand a tolerable shower of rain, however previous it might prove to those ugly intruders, bullets and arrows. Here are, likewise, a couple of balls, united by a cord, which the Spanish settlers throw at wild cattle and other animals of the chase, which are stopped in their career by these missiles winding round their legs. Next, we see a pair of spurs and a pair of rattles. All the articles in this and in the preceding case, and the spears over both, were collected by Captain P. P. King, who presented them to the Museum. There are, however, two fishing spears from Terra del Fuego, and a spear from the west coast of Australasia; a fish-gig from the South Sea Islands; and a canoe, with its paddles, from Behring's Straits, which were presented by that celebrated voyager, Captain Beechey. The fishing-boat is such a one as Crantz, in his *History of Greenland*, describes as the kajak, in which a single Greenlander goes to sea, a skin covering being attached to the boat's gunwale, with a circular hole in the centre of its leather deck, through which he puts his legs and the lower part of his body, and then, sitting down, ties the skin covering tight round his waist, so that no water can get inside his boat, which floats like an inflated bladder upon the surface, exempt from ordinary accidents; for should this buoyant skiff capsize, the Greenlander soon rights it with a dexterous stroke of his paddle, and proceeds on his voyage with no more concern than a duck that has just had a dive under water. One longs to see a rowing match with such safety-boats upon our own Thames.

CASE IX. contains Peruvian and Mexican articles. On the first and second shelves we see hollow vessels of various forms, some exhibiting exceedingly ludicrous figures. They were obtained from the tombs of the ancient or aboriginal Peruvians, who were

the subjects of the incas or princes who governed Peru previous to its conquest by the Spaniards. It is probable that they contained the ashes of the dead, or else offerings to their disembodied spirits; in short, that they were used for similar purposes as the Roman funeral urns and lachrymatories, which we not only read of in the ancient poets, but often meet with when Roman tombs are opened in Britain and other civilized parts of the world. On the third, fourth, and fifth shelves are various objects, chiefly from Mexico, and collected by Bullock. They consist of small statues rudely cut out of various stones; a stone mask; an adze; two statues and five fragments of terra cotta, found on the mountains of Tezeossingo, the pyramids of St. Zaun de Zoetintican; a heart-shaped ornament of serpentine, with hieroglyphic-like characters engraved on it; two alabaster vases, one with the head and arms of a monkey sculptured on it, the other with the head, tail, and wings of a cock; a small terra cotta statue of a figure in a sitting posture, similar to an Egyptian sphynx; a boy's head cut in basalt; a small vase-shaped statue; an Azteek mirror, made of a large plate of obsidian, polished on both sides; two bottles of black earthenware, and joined together, one of them has a dog's head, the other a bird's head; a small earthen vessel, shaped like a dog; an owl-shaped incense burner; a lady's bust sculptured in lava, with a turretted head-dress, having some resemblance to the Egyptian Isis; the bust of a priest with a mitre-shaped cap, decorated with jewels and a feather, and with long ear-rings; the greater part of his body is enveloped by a large snake, whose head is on his right side: this priest's eyes are supposed to have been formed of jewels; the statue of an Azteek princess in a sitting posture, her feet being turned under her, and her hands resting upon her knees; several Azteek knives, formed of obsidian, and two of the larger pieces of obsidian, from which they have been split. To the split pieces of this stone the Azteeks contrived to give an edge sharp enough for many purposes, and necessity being the mother of invention, similar rude instruments of the kind have been common among other people, ancient and modern, not living in a highly advanced state of art and commerce. The ancient Britons are supposed to have used as adzes the sharp flints which are found on opening what are termed the *barrows* on Wiltshire Downs, and elsewhere; for these sharp flints have holes perforated in them, by which they might have been formerly fastened to handles. When New Zealand was discovered, the natives were observed to be provided with hatchets made of hard jade stone; and such hatchets have also been

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noticed in many of the South Sea Islands. The natives of countries that have been frequently visited by our navigators, and especially of the Sandwich Islands, have perceived the superior sharpness and durability of steel knives, hatchets, &c., of European manufacture; and contriving to procure these by bartering other articles, they have almost abandoned the use of the inferior tools of their own making. Perhaps the day may come when each country shall contain a Sheffield of its own, to supply their demands for steel cutlery; and then the perhaps refined native of New Zealand or Owhyhee will be ready to give a large sum for the flint knife or the jade hatchet of his untutored ancestors, that he may add it to his own private collection of antiquities.

We will return to the glass case before us to note another interesting relic, namely, a small figure of a serpent, supposed to be one of the household deities of the Azteeks. It is well known that the Romans, Greeks, and some of the eastern nations, used to worship serpents, which were considered typical or emblematical of the Lares and Penates, or sacred gods, that were supposed to guard the domestic hearth. The Azteeks seem to have been emigrants from some country now unknown, or at least not traced out, and to have made their appearance on the plain of Anahuac, or New Spain, about the seventh century of the Christian era, and being more civilized than the other inhabitants, they became the predominant people, and to them we may attribute the relics of art and science found in Mexico. They appear to have been quite ignorant of alphabetical characters, and, like the Egyptians, to have used hieroglyphics—and their sculpture strongly resembles the curious ancient sculpture of that people;—but instead of their origin being ascribed to them, it is thought more probable that they came from Asia, and arrived on the western coast of America. The sacred sculpture of the Hindoos is very similar to that of the ancient Egyptians and other oriental nations; and if the Azteeks emigrated from India to the plains of Mexico, we need not wonder that the busts and statues found here strikingly resemble those found on the banks of the Nile. In a splendidly illustrated work, executed at an expense of more than 30,000*l.* under Lord Kingsborough's patronage,—and entitled "*Antiquities of Mexico*," comprising fac-similes of ancient Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, in the Imperial Library of Vienna, in the Vatican Library, in the Borgian Museum at Rome, in the Library of the Institute at Bologna, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; together with the Monuments of New Spain, &c., &c. By Augustine Aglio; (London, 1829,)"—an attempt is made, in a dissertation

on this subject, to prove that Egypt was the cradle of Mexican art and learning, and that the Azteeks were Alexandrian Jews, and consequently emigrants from Egypt. Humboldt, who ascribes the strange grotesque style of delineation which is observable in all the ancient Mexican specimens of the fine arts, partly to the habitual and exclusive use of hieroglyphics, says of their paintings, "The figures are generally dwarfish, like those of the Etruscan reliefs; but in correctness of drawing they are far inferior to the most imperfect paintings of the Hindoos, Chinese, Japanese, or even the Thibetans. In the Mexican paintings we see heads of enormous size, bodies extremely short, and feet with toes so very long that they appear more like the claws of birds.

All this denotes the infancy of the art; but we must recollect that the people who express their ideas by this combination of painting and hieroglyphical writing, will naturally attach as little importance to correct drawing as the literary men of Europe do to a fine handwriting. * * * A warlike nation dwelling on mountains, robust, but extremely ill-favoured, (according to European principles of beauty,) degraded by despotism, accustomed to the ceremonies of a sanguinary worship, is but little disposed to improve itself by the cultivation of the fine arts; the habit of painting facts instead of writing them, the daily view of so many hideous and disproportioned figures, the obligation of preserving the same forms without alteration,—these various circumstances must have tended to perpetuate a bad taste and style among the Mexicans."

Some other Mexican sculptures, too ponderous to be exhibited here, are deposited at present in the ante-room next the Elgin Marbles.

Passing on to CASE X. we find on the first shelf some cloth which enveloped the dead bodies of ancient Peruvians; some cups, a basket, Indian corn, a harpoon, sling, fishing line, and fishes' eyes, all of which articles were obtained from the tombs of children of the ancient Peruvians. The globular vessels, with Indian corn, were placed under the breasts of the dead. On the third and fourth shelves we find five earthen images from tombs in Vera Cruz; three mortars, silver images, and vessels from the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, in the island of Ziticaca. On the second shelf is a vase, from Ziaquanco, and seven vessels from tombs of ancient Peruvians of maritime provinces on the Pacific coast. The fifth shelf supports a vessel in human shape; a stone basin, ornamented with serpents; a smaller basin, ornamented on the exterior angles by four animals; and a small vessel in the form of a Llama, from the Temple of the Sun at Cusco.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 8.)

ON seeing the countenance of Stern, Lise gave a faint scream, and tried to withdraw her arm, but he prevented her, and said, smilingly,

"Since chance has given me your arm, I hope you will allow me to retain it."

"Excuse me, Sir," Lise replied, "I am bridesmaid—I cannot; M. Tirlot would be angry."

"What! is that M. Tirlot?"

"Yes," Lise replied; "he is the *garçon d'honneur*, and therefore claims the privilege—"

"It is a privilege which I intend disputing by sword or pistol," the young lion said, in a significant manner.

Lise looked at him in astonishment, and replied in agitation,

"If it must be so, Sir—come; I will tell him that I wished it."

From the manner in which Lise pronounced these words, Stern perceived that she had taken what he had said in earnest, and that she was persuaded that the Marquis would kill the bridesman if he dared make any objection, Stern and Lise were the last in the procession; and as soon as they entered the magisterial hall, the young girl said,

"M. Tirlot left me upon the road, and if it had not been for M. le Marquis, to whom I am much obliged for his politeness, I should have been forced to come by myself."

As the mayor had not yet arrived, Stern sat down by the side of Lise. He scarcely knew what to say, and his presence evidently much embarrassed her.

"Such a day as this," Stern said, "causes the hearts of young people to beat."

Lise remained silent.

"It is a remarkable day this."

Still the same silence.

"And such a day will soon happen to yourself, Lise."

"Ah!" she said, "it is very tiresome that the mayor should cause us to wait so long."

Stern saw that his advances met with very little success. He sat for some minutes admiring with pleasure the marvellous regularity of her features, the gracefulness of her white neck, which was neither long nor short; and then he felt, for the first time in his life, a pleasure sweeter far than ever he had derived from the society of the

dames of fortune. He, however, was not discouraged, and profiting by the words of Lise, said in a caressing manner,

"You speak very lightly of so worthy a magistrate! you must know that it is he who in reality is to marry your sister. The ceremony at the church is only a form."

At these words Lise raised her eyes and fixed them upon him in astonishment, drew back a little, then looked downwards, and said,

"I know, Sir, that there are men who think so; but I will never be the wife of any one who will not engage himself to me in the presence of his Maker."

"Ah!" Stern thought to himself, "the *petite* is pious; but she is handsome, therefore I must have another trial."

"But this oath," he said, "will not be of much service to you, for your husband is sure not to do all that you require of him."

"I expect he will," Lise said, drily.

"Ah!" Stern said, smiling, "you are truly despotic."

"O, quite so," she replied, with her former carelessness.

"But are you aware that it is very wrong?" Stern said.

"What is that you say?" she replied, laughing in his face; "you are, at all events, not the person that will have to suffer."

"That will not prevent me from pitying the man that you will some day tyrannize over," Stern said, laughingly.

"But I am sure he will not complain; that will satisfy me."

"Has he told you so?" Stern inquired.

"No; but I am sure of it," Lise said.

"He loves you, then?"

"Who?" Lise inquired, in astonishment.

"Why," Stern replied, "your future husband—the slave who will be so happy in his chains."

"Do I know him?"

"You said that you were sure—"

"Ah!" Lise said, "I am sure that I shall love him; I am sure that he will be an honest man; and as I shall be a virtuous woman, I hope he will be happy."

This was said with so much sincerity and truth, that Stern believed in the faith of the young girl, and said, with conviction,

"You are right; he will be so."

"Ah," Lise said, in rising, "there is the magistrate."

The mayor entered, and the ceremony began; oaths were taken on both sides, and all went into the private office to sign their names. When it was Stern's turn, he did exactly as the others; but on handing the pen to the next person, he was surprised to see Lise toss her head with an air of displeasure. Was it because he had signed the "Marquis of Stern?" But the omission of his title would not have been very agreeable to

Prosper Gobillon, who was desirous of having such a distinguished witness. Had he signed before his turn, or taken more space than was necessary? Stern, who prided himself on *etiquette*, was at a loss to ascertain what had given rise to the discontent of the young girl, and wished to know in what respect he had offended her. He remained standing for some time in the office, his eyes fixed on Lise, then on the persons that signed after him, who seemed to do exactly as he had done, without giving offence. It was then her turn; and on the clerk handing her a pen, she said, in a tone of mockery,

"Stop, if you please, till I take off my glove."

And when it was off, she signed, with a hand, perhaps the whitest and smallest that Stern had ever seen. He then perceived his error, and said to himself,

"The little thing has her points of delicacy. What does a glove more or a glove less signify to the sanctity of an oath, or to the signing of a contract? Nothing, surely; yet it seems that the naked hand uplifted to heaven evinces greater sincerity of heart."

Stern was lost in reflection, until they were preparing to leave. M. Tirlot, bridesman, and consequently master of the ceremonies, went to tell the coachman to draw up, while Stern offered his arm to Lise, which she immediately took, without observing that she had forgotten to put on her glove. The young Marquis walked by her side, his head inclined, and his eyes fixed upon the little white hand which was resting so softly upon his arm. He had never seen such a hand, it was so beautifully made, and so exquisitely tapered were her fingers. His eyes at length fell upon a medallion, upon which was a small gold plate, with an inscription that he in vain endeavoured to decipher.

While so occupied, Lise, seemingly content with her own thoughts, began to agitate her admired fingers, and ultimately finished by beating a gallop upon the arm of her companion. At this moment Stern looked at Lise, who, on perceiving his intention, gazed at him, her countenance full of mockery.

"It appears that Mademoiselle is a musician," Stern said.

"Why, Sir?"

"Because," Stern replied, "you have been playing a most beautiful gallop upon my arm."

Lise blushed, was confused, and withdrew her arm, saying, in a half-audible voice—

"O pardon, Sir! I have forgotten to put on my glove."

"Just as I forgot to take it off," Stern replied; "you see that everyone is liable to mistakes."

Lise did not reply. The steps of a carriage were lowered before her; she mounted them so hurriedly, that Stern got a glimpse of her foot, so straight, so little, and attached to an ankle the most delicately formed imaginable! He was about to place himself beside her, but seeing the mother, he turned round and said to the coachman,

"Shut the door, and follow the other carriages."

No sooner was Stern seated in the carriage with Madame Laloiné, than she said,

"What have you done with Lise?"

"I saw her into a carriage," Stern replied.

"With whom?" demanded the prudent mother.

"By herself," Madame.

"How! alone!" Madame Laloiné exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, Madame, she unthinkingly made a mistake, and went into my carriage."

"Ah," Madame Laloiné said, "I don't know what's the matter with her; ever since the morning she has been as giddy-headed as any one could be."

"It is my cabriolet," the young Marquis added modestly, "and there are only two seats. I dared not—"

Madame Laloiné thanked Stern for his kindness, and after a few moments' silence, said,

"I think she will be wearied by this time."

Stern thought within himself that she would not be so lonely as her mother imagined.

In fact, Lise was at first astonished to find herself alone, but was not sorry, as the words and looks of Stern had embarrassed her. She thought of all that had happened—her naked arm—of the observations he had made—of her imprudence in going into the carriage of a marquis; and, as if in answer, she tossed her pretty head, saying—

"Bah! and what is it to me?"

Having said so, she began to examine the rich silk that ornamented the carriage; sat on one side, then on the other, to feel the soft flexibility of the cushions; lifted up one of the windows, to find out the thickness of the glass, and began to smile at the idea of her own ease and comfort. Then she imagined that the carriages of the great ladies that she had seen in the Champs Elysées were similarly made, and without thinking, as many young people would have done, that she might some day have one of her own, she began to imitate the *nonchalance* with which those dames seat themselves in the corner of their equipages, regarding with an air of superiority the individuals who were passing, and pressing with her white shoulders and fresh cheek the soft silk,

which seemed, from its elasticity, to caress her. Then, as if perceiving some of her friends, she bit her under-lip in the midst of a smile, moved her hand slightly to one, and graciously saluted another. She thought that if the *beau lion* were on horse-back by her side, how graceful would be her salutation! The foolish girl then inclining her head, smiled, and in so doing opened a pair of ruddy lips, which disclosed a set of teeth that could not be rivalled in whiteness or regularity; but you may guess her surprise, when in reality she perceived Stern, whose countenance evinced no particular expression, standing at the door of the carriage, offering her his hand to help her to alight. She started, and blushed at the idea of being caught in such a ridiculous position. On descending, Stern demanded,

"Who were you saluting with so pleasant a look and with so sweet a smile?"

She hid her face in shame, and appeared agitated; so when she entered the church, Stern saw that she paid little attention to the ceremony that was taking place. Lise neither gave a side glance at the countenance of the husband nor at the peculiarly embarrassed deportment of the fair spouse; she did not watch with curiosity to see if the ring passed the second joint, which indicates submission. She was praying; her young heart was struck with remorse, and she was fervently asking God to pardon her the fault which she had committed. Heaven heard the prayer of the poor girl; for at last she rose with a face evincing both fortitude and happiness. Stern looked at her in surprise, as she approached him, saying, in a changed tone from that in which she had previously spoken to him,

"This wedding must be very tiresome to you, Sir."

"Tiresome!" Stern replied; "why should it be so?"

"Because it is neither in accordance with your habits nor your pleasures; but it is now nearly over."

Till then, Stern, in spite of the solicitations of Prosper Gobillon and M. Laloine, had determined on leaving as soon as he had signed his name at the church, but what Lise said had in it the same purport as bidding him farewell: having no relish to take *congé* in that manner, he replied,

"I assure you, Mademoiselle, that it is not at all tiresome to me; but if my presence is so to you, you must scold your brother-in-law. It was for him that I came."

Lise did not reply, but hid herself among her young companions, and Stern went forward to sign his name.

"Look, look!" said a young girl, touching Lise on the shoulder; "he has taken off his glove."

Stern, who heard the exclamation, lifted his head, and his eyes met those of Lise. She felt, as by instinct, that there was something betwixt her and this young man which ought not to be; and so much did this thought afflict her, that, when it was her turn to sign, her eyes were full of tears, and her hand trembled. On her mother, who was by her side, asking what was the matter, she replied,

"Oh, nothing! it was just an idea that crossed my mind"—then, profiting by her mother's alarm, she took hold of her arm, saying, with the greatest simplicity,

"I must go home, mother, in the same carriage with you."

"Yes, you shall, my poor Lise," the good lady said, in embracing her.

Léon, at this moment, was struck with the beautiful expression of the young girl's countenance; he said to himself,

"Ah! I shall go to the dinner, and nothing shall prevent me from dancing with that beautiful creature in the evening."

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Westminster Review. No. LXXII.—January, 1842. Hooper, London.

IN the present Number of this periodical there is an excellent article on the "Regeneration of the Drama," from which we make a few selections.

The Unacted Drama.

"We are referred to the published and unpublished dramas of very many writers as a proof that there are abundance of good plays if the managers would act them. This is worthy attention. Serjeant Talford has bestowed unqualified approbation on this unacted drama. Others have been equally enthusiastic. How then lies the matter? Why, that the very evidence they bring forward is suicidal! We have read and reviewed some considerable number of published dramas, but in no case do we think a manager would have been justified in bringing out one of them. Mr. Horne is a man of the most unquestionable genius—has poetry and passion in a high degree; but are his plays actable? We think not.

"That there is something 'rotten in the state,'" says Mr. Tomlins, in his eloquent and timely work on the drama, 'would be alone sufficiently proved by the fact, that the author of *Cosmo de Medici*, and the *Death of Marlowe*, is not one of the foremost writers for the stage as he is for the study.' We agree with this entirely, but not for the reason implied. The rottenness is in the state of authorship, not of managership. Mr. Horne has hitherto

written only for the study; his plays are not actable. His best friends would agree in this. When he has produced a play constructed with reference to the necessities of the stage, which shall be admitted as rightly constructed, (and he is capable of doing it—of fulfilling every demand if he chooses,) then we shall be at liberty to accuse the other side, but not till then. No man practically acquainted with the stage would wonder, therefore, at the 'vile state of the theatre, which, so far from coveting, shuns such productions.' How can you expect a manager to spend sums of money on a romantic scheme of 'elevating the drama'? His business is not a romantic one, but a commercial one. He must satisfy the public as well as himself or friends. But still further to narrow this question, we will quote from Mr. Tomlins a list of dramas which he takes as illustrations. In his eloquent and forcible lecture on the 'Relative Value of the Acted and Unacted Drama,' he has throughout assumed that the unacted are immeasurably grand—the fit companions to Shakspeare and the old dramatists. On this assumption rests the whole of his, together with all the unacted arguments; we will give this list, therefore, and let the reader judge. 'If I am called upon to name some of these dramas, I name the *Cenci*, *Alarcos*, *Bride's Tragedy*, *Cosmo de Medici*, *Gertrude and Beatrice*, *Roman Brother*, *Gregory VII.*, *Lords of Ellingham*, *Ethelstan*.'

"The including the *Cenci* among these is unfair; the horrible nature of the subject alone unfits it for the stage; but of the rest (with all their high merits of poetry and passion, which none will deny them) we could not desire better illustrations of our argument. They are *unactable*; and when a critic, competent to judge beyond the poetry, and not be dazzled by it, shall have pronounced them *actable*, (except, indeed, it be the deceptive but friendly praise of a letter,) then we will allow the argument to have force: but it is not so."

What the Drama is.

"It is always overlooked that the drama is not alone poetry, but an applied form of poetry. This is admitted as an axiom, but disregarded as a practical guide. The drama is as much an art of itself, distinct from poetry, as painting is, the *fundus* of which is also poetry. A play is not alone language, passion, character, incident, not even story, but a peculiar combination and construction of these elements,—an art of long and arduous study!"

The Conditions which a successful Play demand.

"Plays written by actors or managers are almost always successful. Does not

this fact indicate something? Such plays are mostly worthless as compositions; not always English; contain no new idea; no original glimpse of character; because their writers are not authors. Yet they succeed. The audiences are pleased, the house fills, the piece has its run, and is then never heard of again; that is, it succeeds and fails. It succeeds in that which commands success—its stage conditions; it fails from its own weakness and want of truth. The audiences are pleased with the bustle, action, non-flagging progression of the story. This suffices them for one night, but as it contains little more than this, it will not bear a second seeing, and so falls of itself. But it has realized the first demand of a play—its *stage-condition*! Had the actor been a poet, he would have satisfied both the demands of the stage and of the audience, and his play would have become a perpetual heir-loom.* A drama must fulfil the conditions demanded by the stage for one season's success; if it aspire to more it must touch some chord of human nature, it must contain portions of the universal Life and aspects of universal Truth; it must 'hold the mirror up to nature,' and all men will claim it as their own. These are the two requisites, and they are inseparable. We cannot too often repeat that it is on the primary stage-conditions (on the *dramaticity* of the drama) that all great poetry and passion must rest. No enduring palace is built with gorgeous marble alone; if the hand of the architect be not there, it will be no palace, but a heap of stones; and we may add, if the architect knows only beauty and proportion, but knows nothing of turning his materials to use, convenience, and comforts—if he be not also a builder, the palace, for all its beauty, will be uninhabitable. So with the drama. Poetry and passion, character and story, must be *built*. They must be applied to an express purpose. We must object also to this building—this art of stage-construction being looked upon as the mechanical part. It is only ignorance or conceit that will look upon it thus."

* A better illustration is not at hand than the comedy of *London Assurance*, which was not inaptly termed *Theatrical Assurance*. It is the production of an actor, Mr. Bourcault having formerly played low Irishmen at provincial and minor theatres;—more than the production of an actor it is not. As a comedy, it is sorry stuff indeed, and he seems to think as much in his preface. Nevertheless, though most of the unacted would have blushed to have written it, it is another evidence of the demand for its real merits—theatricality.

The Well-bred Scholar.—One saw a man and his wife fighting: the people asked him why he did not part them. He answered, that he had "been better bred, than to part man and wife."—*The Archeologist*.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

THIS distinguished artist was born at Audely in Normandy, in 1594. * He was descended from a noble family, whose fortunes had been ruined by the civil wars, in the time of Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third. At an early age he evinced a talent for drawing; and after forming an acquaintance with Quintin Varin, an artist of some eminence, he induced his father to permit him to adopt painting as a profession.

After having studied for some time at Paris, in the greatest misery, he determined on visiting Rome; but his money failing him, he was forced to return to the French capital. The poor fellow at this period was so reduced, that, having met a recruiting party, he determined on enlisting, in order to save himself from starvation; but the serjeant seeing his thin and haggard appearance, would not accept of his services, deeming him too weak for the hardships of a military life. Thus it is to his apparent weakness, caused most probably by want and discouragement, that we owe the greatest artist that France ever produced. If it had not been for this, what might have been his lot! Poussin, being a man of enterprise, might have become a general, perhaps a marshal of France; for in his time such changes occurred; but it was ordained otherwise; he became a great artist, a profound thinker, a genius, whose works will be appreciated, and whose fame will be acknowledged, in all civilized countries.

Some of his first essays in painting were the pictures in the Capuchins at Blois, and some bacchanalian subjects for the Chateau of Chiverny.

The famed Italian poet, Chevalier Marini, being then at Paris, was so struck with the paintings of Poussin, that he sent for him, and finding that he was not only talented with respect to his art, but that he was a man of superior intellect, with a richly endowed mind, he invited him to accompany him to Rome.

Nothing could have been so agreeable to Poussin's inclination as such a proposal, for he had long felt an ardent desire to see the metropolis of art; and it would have been gratifying to him to have visited it in company with one so congenial with his own taste; but he was at that time engaged on his picture of the "Death of the Virgin," for the church of Notre Dame, and was therefore under the necessity of declining the invitation, promising, however, that he would follow him to Italy as soon as circumstances would permit him.

In 1624, he found himself at liberty to indulge in his ardent inclination; and on his arrival at Rome, was kindly received by the

poet, who introduced him to Cardinal Barberini, nephew of the Pope. This, however, was of no immediate advantage to him, as the Cardinal soon after left Rome, on his legation to France and Spain. About the same time his friend the Chevalier Marini died, thus leaving the painter in a foreign land, without friends and without money, a stranger, and unfriended, in a large city, where his growing abilities were not known: it was with difficulty that he could maintain himself by the produce of his works, which he was obliged to dispose of at a price scarcely defraying the expense of colour and canvas. Reduced to a state of indigence and obscurity, which would have turned the love of a less courageous admirer of the art into disgust and despondency, he comforted himself with the reflection that he could subsist on little—that he was still at Rome, where he could indulge himself in the study of Raphael and of the antique.

At this period he formed an intimacy with the eminent sculptor, Frances du Quesnoy, whose finances were not in a more flourishing state than his own: he lived in the same house, studied with him, and modelled after the most celebrated statues and bas reliefs.

The Cardinal Barbarino, immediately after his embassy, engaged Poussin to execute some works for him, and if the patronage of that prelate did not load him with riches, it at least rescued him from poverty. He painted his celebrated picture of "The Death of Germanicus," and "The Taking of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus," so much to the satisfaction of his employer, that he procured for him the commission to paint for St. Peter's "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," now in the pontifical palace of Mount Cavallo: thus the reputation of Poussin spread over Flanders, Spain, Italy, and France, and orders were sent to him from all those countries. The Cardinal of Richelieu having purchased his famed picture of "The Pest," wished to have others, and resolved on inducing him to come to Paris. He received this commission with regret, for he was wedded to the great objects by which he was surrounded, and it was not till he had a letter written by the king, Louis XIII., assuring him of his favour and protection, that he acceded to the request.

On his arrival he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Germain en Laye, when he produced his admirable work of "The Last Supper." He was afterwards engaged to decorate the Gallery of the Louvre, but had no sooner prepared the designs, representing the "Labours of Hercules," than he was attacked by the machinations of Fouet and his adherents; and even Foquiers, the landscape painter, presumed to criticize his works and

DEATH OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.



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to detract from their merits. Disgusted with these cabals, he turned a longing eye to the quiet felicity he had abandoned at Rome, and in the year 1642 he returned to the emporium of art, under the pretext that he was going there to settle his domestic affairs. From that time he confined himself chiefly to pictures of an easel size, for which he had a continued demand; and although constantly employed he never charged high for them; if more, which was often the case, was sent than the moderate sum which he had marked on the back of the picture, he always returned it. This great painter, like genius in general, preferred a state of tranquil mediocrity to ostentation; and it is reported by Felibien, "That the Cardinal Mancini, who frequently visited him, having stayed later than usual, Poussin lighted him to his carriage with a lamp in his hand.

"I pity you, Poussin," said the Cardinal, "that you have not one domestic for such an office."

"And I," Poussin replied, "pity your excellency much more for being obliged to keep so many."

During a period of twenty-three years after his return to Rome from Paris, he continued to enrich the cabinets of Europe with his pictures, which will be regarded as their principal ornaments. In retirement and study this celebrated artist and humane man reached his seventy-first year, when he died from an attack of paralysis.

The principal painters of Rome attended at his funeral, also a great number of the inhabitants, thus paying the last tribute of respect to the shade of departed genius. He was buried, according to his desire, in the church of St. Laurent, in Lucina.

Miscellaneous.

RUINS OF PERU.

THE following communication was lately read before the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, by J. B. Quinby, corresponding member:—

"It was reported in Chili that the jewels of the Temple of the Sun, which, at the time of the conquest of Peru, the natives had concealed from the Spaniards, have lately been recovered near the Cerrio de Pasco, in Peru. The value of them has been calculated at 180,000,000 dollars."

The palace of the Inca and the Temple of the Sun, here referred to, we presume to be Huanuco Viejo, which is situated on the east side of the Andes, twenty leagues north of the Cerrio de Pasco, and on the right bank of the river Chucabamba, one of the head branches of the Amazons (Maranon), at an elevation of about 14,000 feet above

the level of the ocean, in latitude 108 south, and longitude 74 degrees west, nearly. It is known that when Pizarro, now more than three centuries ago, took the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, which is some twelve degrees south of that at Huanuco Viejo, and despoiled the Inca of his immense treasures of gold, and, finally, when threats could extort no more, put him treacherously to death, the Inca of Huanuco Viejo, advised of what had taken place at Cuzco, secreted the jewels of the temple and the gold of his palace in the fastnesses of the Andes and the neighbouring rivers and lakes. Avarice and ambition have made these hidden treasures objects of continued search from the days of Pizarro to the present time. But as yet no clue has been found to this *El Dorado*, unless the above announcement is well founded, which we are inclined to doubt.

The writer has been five different times at these magnificent ruins, and always found persons employed in their vicinity searching for the hidden treasure of the Incas. The whole of the river Chucabamba, for a number of leagues above and below the Temple of the Sun, is auriferous, and the inhabitants of the province of Huamelies, through which it passes, obtain, by washing the sand and by means of sheep-skins, 200,000 or 300,000 dollars annually. The wool on the skin is cut until it is about half an inch in length. The skins are then anchored down, with the wool side up, by means of loose stones placed on them in and below the various falls and rapids, in which position they are suffered to remain from six to twenty-four hours. They are then carefully raised out of the water, turned wool side downwards into a batea (tub) of water, and thoroughly washed, the gold falling from the wool of the skin, and it is finally collected from the bottom of the batea. Sheep were unknown to the Incas, and as they had obtained an immense amount of gold from this Pactolean stream, it is presumed that they used the skins of the lama (*Camelus Lacina* of Linnæus), and those of the vicuña, (*Camelus Peruanus*, or *Vicugna* of Linnæus.)

When we reflect on the fact that the Indians and Spaniards have obtained by their rude washings on this river, during two or three centuries, 100,000 dollars, 200,000 dollars, and 300,000 dollars of gold annually, and that they have not probably secured the one-hundredth part of the amount that has passed down the current of the stream, we may form an imperfect idea of the exhaustless source of this perennial supply. The stupendous Andes are alone capable of furnishing such countless riches.

We shall not attempt a description of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Huanuco Viejo, its powerful fortress, and the ruins

of the great city which they overlook. When and by whom they were built neither history nor tradition informs us. The Incas had no written language, and we are left to conjecture. But their great magnitude and massive walls, composed of huge blocks of square, oblong, and elegantly wrought marble greenstone, and greenstone porphyry, weighing many tons, bear mute but eloquent testimony to the untiring industry of the Incas, and their advances in the arts of civilization. The ravages and earthquakes of centuries have left these monuments almost as perfect as they were when Pizarro conquered Peru. Even the great earthquake which destroyed the city of Callao, built by the Spaniards, with its 30,000 inhabitants, did not throw down the massive walls of the Temple of the Sun; and the writer can testify that they withstood, with slight injury, the great earthquake of March 30, 1828. The seraglio and its various compartments, with the exception of the roof, and the voluptuous baths for a numerous train of wives, cut out of massive rocks, are almost as entire as they were on the landing of Pizarro.

If there is any location on the whole range of the Andes more sublime than all others, it is at the base of the peak of Raura, in sight of this temple. The writer has crossed the Andes from side to side twenty-four times, at seven or eight different passes, twice from Naranjal, on the gulf of Guayaquil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south of the equator, to the city of Cuenca, the capital of the province of Azuay, a little south of Chimborazo; and having spent more than two weeks at the foot of the peak of the Raura, at least 1000 feet above the line of perpetual snow, he has no hesitation in saying that it is incomparably the most sublime spot he ever visited on the Andean range.

Besides the peak of Raura, which we believe to be at least as high as Chimborazo, there are numerous smaller ones, rising on the range of the Cordilleras, to the north and south, having their bases resting in the perpetual snow, and throwing up their snow-clad apex thousands of feet into the pure and attenuated air; almost out of the reach of the eye, and above the untiring wing of the immense condor, or South American eagle. The largest and nearest of these peaks is that of Nueva Potosi, the base of which approaches within a league of that of Raura, and is but little inferior, in height and magnitude, to Raura itself. The intervening space between these two peaks is occupied by the lake of Nueva Potosi, the surface of which is almost 500 feet above the lower limit of perpetual snow, and this line, within the tropics, is known to be about 15,500 feet above the level of the ocean. The surface of this lake is embossed by a ridge of the Andes,

on the west, another on the east, the base of Raura on the north, and that of Nueva Potosi on the south. Its copious waters find a subterranean channel through a high western limestone ridge, and break out at the western side of the Andes, at a point where the mountain is very nearly vertical, and form a magnificent cascade of many hundred feet in height, falling into a lake of several leagues in circumference. A short distance to the north-west of this cascade, there is a large *cerro* (hill) of *yesso* (gypsum, or sulphate of lime.) The lake of Nueva Potosi is the head source of the river Huara, which makes its way down the sides of the Andes, in very nearly a westerly direction, and falls into the Pacific Ocean at Huacho, the famous Salinas of the western coast, which supplies the greater portion of the southern hemisphere with salt.

On the north-east of the base of the peak of Raura is the lake of the same name, one league north of the lake just described, and from which it is separated by a high trap dike and amygdaloid. This lake, which is about 150 miles from the Pacific, is a little higher than that of Nueva Potosi, and has an open outlet to the east, down a craggy precipice of several hundred feet in height. It forms the head of the river Chucabamba, one of the principal branches of the Amazons, and, probably, it is the highest and most distant source of that great river. The waters of this lake traverse the continent of South America, from west to east, at its widest expanse, almost from the margin of the Pacific to the Atlantic, a distance of nearly 5000 miles. Both of these lakes are the receptacles of avalanches from the peaks of the respective names. No less than two were precipitated into the lake of Raura whilst I was encamped on the snow in its vicinity. The first occurred at midnight, and which, from the great noise and trembling of the earth, I for a moment mistook for an earthquake; the second took place at ten o'clock in the morning.

MONUMENTS TO THE DEPARTED.

AFTER all, the noblest and most beautiful monument to the memory of a man must ever be, a likeness of him. This gives a more perfect idea of what he was than anything else can; it is the best text to few notes, or to many; only it ought to be taken in his best years, and this is commonly neglected. Nobody thinks of seizing the living forms; and even when this is done, it is done imperfectly and inadequately. As soon as a man dies, there is the greatest eagerness to take a cast of him; this mask is set upon a block, and the work is called a

bast. How rarely is it in the power of the artist to reanimate it!

The likeness of a man is wholly independent; wherever it may be placed it speaks for itself. We do not require that it should indicate the place where his body rests. But shall I confess to you a strange feeling of mine? Even to portraits I have a sort of aversion; they always appear to me to breathe silent reproaches; they betoken something distant, departed, and remind me how difficult it is to estimate the present as it deserves. Let us but reflect how many men we have seen and known, and acknowledge how little they have been to us—how little we to them, and what must be our feelings? We meet the man of talent without conversing with him; the scholar, without learning from him; the traveller, without seeking to gain information from him; the kind-hearted man, without making one effort to please him. And, alas! this is not the case in transient intercourse alone. Thus it is that societies and families treat their most valuable members—towns their worthiest citizens—subjects their best princes—nations their most eminent men. I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise; of the living always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.

—Goethe.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE first day of the new year, though held by different nations at different seasons of the year, is commemorated by all either as a day of fasting or of festival. There does not appear to be any general reason for fixing on one particular day to be held as the first day of the year; but it is natural to suppose that different nations should celebrate some great national event or national blessing, by causing the day on which that event occurred to be called "the first day of the new year," by which means the event might be held in commemoration by generations yet unborn. Thus the historian Stowe observes, that our "historic year" has always commenced on the 1st day of January, because William the Conqueror was crowned on that day. It most assuredly is the fact that our historians always have commenced the year with the 1st of January, though in all civil affairs they retained the ancient manner of reckoning from the 25th of March, which mode of reckoning was retained in England until the year 1752, when,

by the statute 24th of King George II., c. 23, it was enacted that from and after the last day of December, 1751, the new year should commence on the 1st day of January.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to be made acquainted with the different dates at which some nations commence their new year, which we have compiled from the best authorities on the subject. The Persians commence their new year in June. The Mexicans reckon from the 23rd of February; the Abyssinians from the 26th of August; the Greeks from the 1st of September; the Chinese from the first moon in March; the ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in spring, but in civil affairs they dated from the autumnal equinox, as did also the Egyptians and Chaldeans; the ancient Swedish year commenced at the winter solstice, and was solemnized on the 20th day after; some of the Grecian states computed from the vernal, others from the autumnal equinox, and others from the summer tropic. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs date the year from the 16th July; the American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the new moon of the vernal equinox; and the church of Rome has fixed New Year's-day on the Sunday that corresponds with the full moon of the vernal equinox. Of the British year we have before spoken.

THE CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

This day has been held in great veneration by all nations. The Romans consecrated the first and last day of the year to Janus, who, some old writers assert, was for that reason represented with two faces, as looking into the past and the future. Some statues, however, represent him with four heads, and some of the temples erected for him were dedicated to "Janus quadrifrons," whilst others were to "Janus bifrons." The day amongst the Romans was spent in visiting and complimenting each other, the offering up of sacrifices to the gods, and the presentation of gifts denominated *strena*, of which more hereafter. The Russians at the new year annually hold a feast denominated the "Feast of the Dead," or, in their own language, "Raditzli Sabol," on which occasion the people visit the graves of their deceased relatives and place victuals upon them; the priests likewise attend and celebrate mass, for which services they get the victuals which had been deposited on the graves. In Scotland, the last and first day of the year are celebrated with great rejoicings, and a general cessation from all kinds of business generally takes place. The last night of the year is called Hogmenaye night, and it is celebrated by universal feasting and merriment; large parties are held,

the jovial bowl goes round, and the merry guests remain to drink "the old year out and the new year in." On the morning of the new year, the people are again on the alert, each strives to be his friend's "first-foot," as he is denominated who is the first to call at the house and wish "a happy new year, and mony o' them." At every house the wine and the whiskey and the cake are on the table, and every well-wisher needs must prove his sincerity by tasting with his friends. In England it is also a day of universal happiness, and in the north the mode of celebration is very similar to that adopted in Scotland; the more hearty part of the population devote the last and first days to joyous merriment; whilst the Methodists, Baptists, and some other sects of Dissenters, instead of drinking, "pray the old year out and the new year in."

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The presentation of gifts on New Year's-day is a custom of very ancient origin, and may be traced further back than the days of Augustus Cæsar; it is said to have originated with Tattius or Titus, the King of the Cures, a tribe of the Sabines, who afterwards reigned at Rome, in conjunction with Romulus, B.C. 735, of whom it is related, that, having received a present of some sprigs of vervain on that day, which had been gathered in a wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength, he considered it as a good omen, authorized the custom afterward, and gave to the presents the name of *strenæ*. The custom appears to have been continued from that time, and mention is occasionally made of the practice by the old chroniclers. Gifts are spoken of as being presented to Augustus Cæsar; and in our own country more particular mention has been made of the presents received by Queen Elizabeth; they consisted principally of money, jewels, trinkets, embroidered dresses, rich petticoats, girdles, vests, doublets, &c.; the nobility and officers of state were the chief donors, though presents were accepted from others holding mere menial offices in "the household." The Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have given 40*l.*, but the general sum for the nobles to give was 20*l.* Her majesty, in return, used also to make presents to her officers, &c.; but, remarks an old historian, she always took care that the value of the presents she received far exceeded the value of those she gave away. It is a time-honoured custom which has continued to the present day, and, in looking over the relics of our childhood, to how many of us may it not bring back a happy recollection of friends now passed away, whose wont it was periodically, at the commencement of another year, to bring to our little hands "a new year's gift?"

THE SIMILARITY OF SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES BETWEEN THE ANCIENT ISRAELITES AND THE SAVAGES OF AUSTRALIA.

(From a Review of Capt. Grey's *Travels in North West and Western Australia*, in the Times.)

BUT we must now turn to the real sons of the desert, the Australian brethren of the Red Men of North America and the Tartars of Asia. It was long the fashion among superficial but conceited scholars to designate Herodotus a credulous narrator of lies, whereas every fresh research in the countries described or mentioned by the venerable father of history confirms his truthfulness, and sets the thoughtful student wondering at his amazing accuracy amidst circumstances which must have rendered the attainment of truth so difficult. So also sceptical physiologists and hasty or half-educated travellers scoffed in their petty pride at those who, founding their belief on the Bible narrative, maintained that all mankind have sprung from a single pair of human beings. No doubt it must be startling to those who withhold credence from nearly every fact but such as they themselves can prove, by the test of the eye or hand, to be told that the Samoide and Hindoo, the Calmuc and the Otaheitan, the Lapland and the Bedouin, the inhabitant of Peking and of Paris, beings so wide apart in their dwelling-places, and so diversified in their physical forms, habits, belief, and language, have all descended from the loins of one common parent; but the accession which each year brings to our stores of historical, antiquarian, and geographical knowledge, diminishes scepticism and strengthens faith in the simple but stupendous narrative of God. When a few short years ago those spots in the great Southern Pacific, which had been severed from civilized mankind for so many ages, were discovered by an adventurous mariner of England, would not the scientific Banks himself have paused in believing that in Asia were the parents of those simple islanders to be traced? No Pentateuch was found among them; whence, then, did they learn Mosaic rites, and customs which obtained in the camp of the wilderness? No book at all was ever discovered in Australia; whence, then, did the savage inhabitants of that insular region learn observances of which we have evidence in remote Asiatic antiquity, except by tradition from their fathers who were driven by war, and tide, and tempest, the agents of a Divine Disposer, from their far-off Asiatic home? We will note a few parallels:—The native Australian women cut themselves and scratch their faces, in mourning for the dead; they also literally make a baldness between their eyes, this being always one of

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the places where they tear their skin with the finger nails. In Deuteronomy, chapter xiv. 1, it is enjoined upon the Israelites—"Ye are the children of the Lord your God, ye shall not cut yourselves, nor *make any baldness between your eyes* for the dead." In the exercise of many of their superstitious rites the Australians lacerate their bodies. None of our readers can forget Elijah's sacrifice, recorded with such picturesque vigour, 1st of Kings, chapter xviii. 28, where the frantic priests of Baal "cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them." Throughout all the known portions of Australia, a custom for mourners to *remain among the graves* is prevalent. A similar practice is reprehended in Isaiah, xlv., verses 4 and 5. "A people that provoke me to anger continually to my face, that sacrificeth in gardens, and burneth incense upon altars of brick, which *remain among the graves*, and lodge in the mountains." A similar practice obtains among the Tatars. When the natives of South-western Australia swear amity to one another, or pledge themselves to any solemn undertaking, such as revenging the death of a kinsman, Captain Grey describes them as observing the following forms:—

"One native remains seated on the ground with his heels tucked under him, in the Eastern manner; the one who is about to narrate a death to him, approaches slowly, and with averted face, and seats himself cross-legged upon the thighs of the other; they are thus placed thigh to thigh, and squeezing their bodies together, they place breast to breast; both then avert their faces, their eyes frequently fill with tears; no single word is spoken; and the one who is seated uppermost *places his hands under the thighs of his friend*; having remained thus seated for a minute or two, he rises up and withdraws to a little distance without speaking; but an inviolable pledge to avenge the death has, by this ceremony, passed between the two."

We could multiply instances of the like kind, but we trust we have done enough to stimulate to further inquiry. One or two coincidences of customs between the Australians and North American Indians we will now mention. Each family in Australia adopts as its crest, or sign, (*kobong* the natives call it,) some animal or vegetable, and so great is the reverence for this, they will not kill, if they can avoid it, the animal, nor eat the vegetable, except with certain restrictions, respectively represented by their family *kobong*. In the *Archæologia Americana* the same custom of taking some animal as a tribe or family symbol is stated to prevail. "Each tribe

has the name of some animal. Among the Hurons, the first tribe is that of the bear; the two others of the wolf and turtle." The Tatars have the same rude heraldry. Among the Australians, Captain Grey ascertained that the children of either sex always take the family name of their mother, and that a man cannot marry a woman of his own family name. On referring to the *Archæologia Americana*, vol. ii. p. 109, these institutions will be found to be completely coincident with similar ones inviolably maintained among the North American Indians. From Abraham's reply to Abimelech (Genesis, xx., 19) we may infer a similar law of consanguinity:—"And yet she is indeed my sister; she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother; and she became my wife." It was confidently asserted, not long ago, by men too proud to doubt or too indolent to inquire, that the Australian language was quite different and distinct from all known tongues. But upon more careful investigation, it has been found that its roots are actually Tatar, and some of them Hebrew and Carib, both allied to Tatar. Has chance given birth to all these coincidences between the scattered families of Asia, America, and Australia? The man who can so believe will not disbelieve the formation of this fair world and all its wonders by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

In conclusion, it may be agreeable to classical readers who recollect Canidia's savage song in Horace, and the plaintive, yet passionate, strains of the love-lorn enchantress in Theocritus, to see a specimen of an Australian witch's invocation to revenge:—"The next translation," says Captain Grey, "is that of a chant sung by an old woman, to incite the men to avenge the death of a young man who died from a natural cause, but whose death she attributed to witchcraft or sorcery. The natives, who listened to her attentively, called her chanting '*goranween*,' or '*abusing*.' She stood with her legs wide apart, waving her *wanna*, or long digging-stick, in the air, and rocking her body to and fro, whilst her kangaroo-skin cloak floated behind her in the wind. She was thus the *beau-ideal* of a witch."

"The following is the sense of the words she used, at least as nearly as it is possible to express their force and meaning in English:—

"The blear-eyed sorcerers of the north,
Their vile enchantments sung and wove,
And in the night they issued forth,
A direful people-eating drove.
Feasting on our loved one,
With gore-dripping teeth and tongue,
The wretches sat, and gnawed, and ate,
Whilst their victim soundly slept.
Yho yang, yho yang, yang yho.

Ay, unconsciously he rested
 In a slumber too profound;
 The vile boyl-yas sat and feasted
 On the victim they had bound
 In resistless lethargy.
 Mooli-go, our dear young brother,
 Where is another like to thee?
 Tenderly loved by thy mother,
 We again shall never see
 Mooli-go, our dear young brother.
 Yho, yang yho, ho, ho!

Men who ever bold have been,
 Are your long spears sharpened well?
 Is the keen quarts fixed anew?
 Let each shaft upon them tell.
 Poise your *meer-ros* long and true,
 Let the *kiteys* whizz and whirl
 In strange contortions through the air—
 Heavy *doe-wks* at them hurl—
 Shout the yell they dread to hear.
 Let the young men leap on high,
 To avoid the quivering spear;
 Light of limb and quick of eye,
 Who sees well has nought to fear.
 Let them shift and let them leap
 When the quick spear whistling flies:
 Woe to him that cannot leap!
 Woe to him who has bad eyes!"

The Gatherer.

Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others, lies a cold glitter of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffing husky cackinnation as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*

Industry.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—*Clarendon.*

Napoleon's Eye and Calculation.—By long experience, joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye, he had acquired the power of judgment with extraordinary accuracy both of the amount of the enemy's force opposed to him in the field, and of the probable result of movements, even the most complicated, going forward in the opposite armies. The roar of artillery, the

smoke and rattle of musketry, even the falling balls around him, were alike unable to divert his steady gaze or disturb his accurate judgment. Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed of the distance or approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the farthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement, anticipated every necessity, and from the slightest indications drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he ascended a height from whence a whole field of battle could be surveyed, than he looked round him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces, and intentions of the whole hostile army. In this way he could, with surprising accuracy, calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation, and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of sixty or eighty thousand men; and if their troops were at all scattered, he knew at once how long it would require for them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1813, some of Napoleon's generals expressed an opinion that he might expect an attack on the side of Bohemia. "From what I can see," said he, calmly closing his telescope, "the enemy have there two corps of sixty thousand men; they will require more than one day to concentrate, and be ready to attack: we may pursue our march."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

First use of Coal as Fuel.—It is understood by coal miners that no distinct period can be ascertained when coal was first used for fuel in any part of England. By the proclamation of Edward the First, and again in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find coal was prohibited in London during the sitting of Parliament, lest the healths of the knights of the shire should suffer during their residence in the metropolis; it appears, however, from a charter of Edward II., dated 1315, that the coal of Derbyshire was in use, and that the Lord of Alfreton, Thomas de Chaworth, granted to the monks of Beauchief Abbey, near Sheffield, permission to supply themselves from his domains of Norton and Alfreton, in Derbyshire.

Premature Ingenuity.—A young fellow, having been very extravagant, writ to his father for more money, and used all means; but nothing would prevail. At length he very ingeniously writ his father word he was dead, and desired him to send up money to pay for his burial.—*The Archeologist.*